UNDER THE CEDARS

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[No literary merit is claimed for the contents of this little book. The verses and letters were written in old days by a member of the C. L. C., and have been printed, by request, for private circulation among a few friends, by whom alone many of the allusions will be understood.]

UNDER THE CEDARS.

UNDER THE CEDARS.

VERSES.

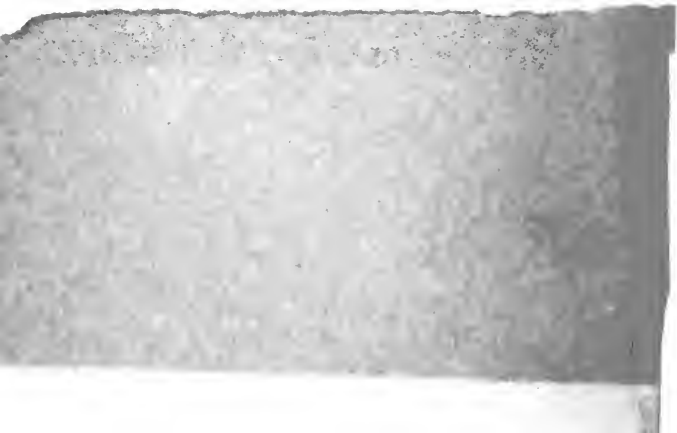
[illegible] EMBERS

With Good Wishes from the Writer

and Subscribers.

Xmas, 1891.

HAMPSTEAD:
XMAS, 1891.



UNDER THE CEDARS.

VERSES.

LETTERS TO SOME EMINENT MEMBERS

OF THE C. L. C.

"O dulces comitum valete coetus."

HAMPSTEAD:

XMAS, 1891.

FREDC. C. MATHIESON AND SONS,
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A145

DEDICATED

TO

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

OF THE C. L. C.,

IN MEMORY OF HAPPY DAYS

AT

CEDAR LAWN,

AND ELSEWHERE

Thro' golden gates, when skies are grey,
I leave the world and wander far,
To Memoryland I steal away,
Where only shadow-people are.

The path is plain, by night or day
No need there is of sign or star;
Thro' golden gates, when skies are grey,
I leave the world and wander far.

Whenever I am fain to stray,
I find the golden gates ajar,
There is not any toll to pay,
There is not any bolt or bar;
Thro' golden gates, when skies are grey,
I leave the world and wander far.

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VERSES.

"SI DOUCE EST LA MARGARETE."

"tea doth our fancy aid,
Repress those vapours which the head invade,
And keeps that palace of the soul serene."
Waller.

ON summer eves a languor falls,
Margarete!
On all within the ivied walls,
Margarete!
It is the mystic time of tea
Attunes us to a minor key,
And mars the music of our feet.
Ah, si douce est la Margarete!

Swift serves lose all their wonted fire,
Margarete!
And strong men droop awhile and tire,
Margarete!
Until the thunder of the gong,
That sounds like some celestial song,
Is heard to make our bliss complete.
Ah, si douce est la Margarete!

Across the daisy-laden lawn,
Margarete!
James like a tender frightened fawn,
Margarete!
Doth lead the way with pensive air,
Dreaming beforehand of the fare,
And dreaming all we follow fleet.
Ah, si douce est la Margarete!

From western windows Margarete sees,
Margarete!
Us coming thro' the cedar trees,
Margarete!
She bends above the burnished urn
With eyes that o'er the teacups yearn—
Then asks us if we like it sweet.
Ah, si douce est la Margarete!

Who shall describe the joys of tea?
Margarete!
Divine when made and poured by thee,
Margarete!
As Waller sings, it keeps, I ween,
"That palace of the soul serene."
(Oh! beautiful and quaint conceit.)
Ah, si douce est la Margarete!

On summer eves a languor falls,
Margarete!
On all within the ivied walls,
Margarete!

It is the mystic time of tea
Attunes us to a minor key,
Until transposed we sigh replete.
Ah, si douce est la Margarete !

MATTHEW'S MAJORITY.

Go little rhymes and take from me
Wishes fair for the days to be,
A chair and book by a big bright fire,
A well filled pouch and a nut-brown briar,
Help and strength for a well-spent life,
True tried friends and a sweet-eyed wife,
Peace and trust when the dark days fall,
Sweet sound sleep at the end of it all.

i.

Ballade of Matthew.

"The down upon his lip
Lay like the shadow of a hovering kiss."

THE balls that were so white in May
Lie soiled beneath the wintry sky,
The players that were wont to play
All afternoon till night was nigh,
Reluctant put their racquets by,
Because the summer days are done,
But we join hands and dance and cry
"*Matthew to-day is twenty-one!*"

There is no sun, the world is grey,
The thrush that kept so constantly
Within the court has flown away ;
We care not tho' the birds may fly,
Tho' red leaves shiver and fall and die,
Nor feel the rain, nor miss the sun,
Nor hear the winds that rage on high,
Matthew to-day is twenty-one !

With gurgling pipe of ebon clay,
With mildly meditative eye,
He sits and dreams of yesterday
And of his recent infancy.
Look closely and you may espy
Down on his lip where erst was none,
He's great on strops and cutlery,
Is Matthew, now he's twenty-one !

ENVOY.

Oh friends, I prithee, ask not why
My rhymes do not more smoothly run,
But know I make festivity,
Matthew to-day is twenty-one !

ii.

RONDEAU.

Matthew loq.

AH, does she wait in some retreat,
By streams whose footsteps faint but fleet
Make music under sunny skies,
All thro' the day till daylight dies,
All thro' the golden noonday heat,
Mid king-cup tall and marguerite,
That stoop to kiss her dainty feet,
Some maiden beautiful and wise,
Ah, does she wait?

And some day soon we twain may meet,
Some summer day, and shyly greet
Each other with a glad surprise,
The maiden with the sunny eyes
And face most wonderful and sweet,
Ah, does she wait?

iii.

SONNET.

1 Corinthians, xiii., 2.

MATTHEW, thou art a man! We shall not see,
Or hear again the happy artless child
We knew and loved so well, who laughed and smiled,
And came and went with frills and footsteps free,
And grew into the boy so full of glee,
Now "softly piping down the valleys wild," (1)
Now Eton-jacketed and gloved and "tiled"
Singing like some sweet bird melodiously (?)

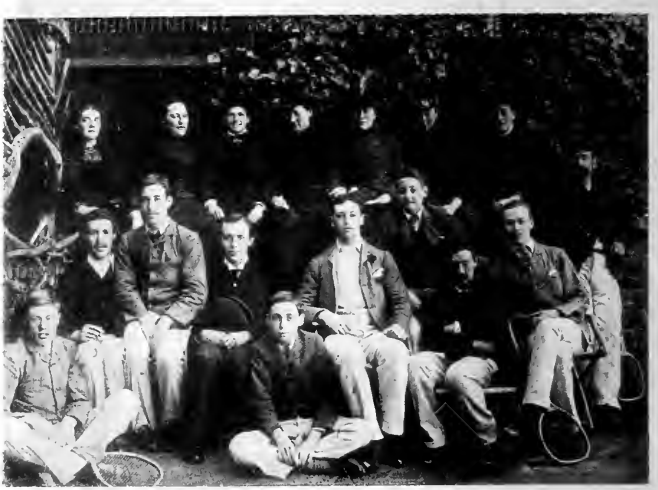
Now thou wilt vote, and be a Liberal,
And join a Club most swagger in Pall Mall,
Pay rates and be a typical John Bull;
Wilt like Orion "slope into the west,"
Immaculate in swallow-tail and vest
Of pure "white samite mystic wonderful."

(1) σμώκινγ θε γήργλερ θρὺ θε φάλε οφ ἔαλθ?

iv.

TRIOLET.

Oh, Matthew's of age,
He is 20 and 1!
Will he be in a rage,
Now he's of age,
Because of a page
Of nonsense and fun?
No, Matthew's of age,
He is 20 and 1!



APRIL, 1887.

"Hail divinest Melancholy!"

WE all are sad hearted,
Ah! dark is our day,
The steamer has started,
And Curly's away;
The sunlight may flicker
On ivy and tree,
But, alas! we are sicker
Than Curly at sea.

From laurel and holly
The starlings may call,
But in vain do we volley
With vigour each ball;
In holly and laurel
The blackbirds may play,
We score not, but quarrel,
For Curly's away.

And Pearce, with his serving
Of manifold faults,
With his faces like Irving—
Suggestive of vaults—
Is down and half-hearted,
And solemn and slow,
His strength has departed,
His serves are too low.

And James is not joking,
  Or talking of tea,
And Eddy's not smoking
  His cheap G. B. D.
We all are sad-hearted,
  Ah! dark is our day,
For the steamer has started,
  And Curly's away.

ARNOLD'S JUBILEE GLADSTONE BAG.

"Doggerel? Why yes, Sir: but 'tis
to fit an occasion."
Old Play.

OH! on Saturday the 30th I'm off across the sea,
I've been very busy packing day and night,
And I've bought a patent Gladstone bag that's called
the Jubilee,
And I've packed it very close and very tight.
If you'll listen for a minute I will tell you what I've got,
And I think that one and all you will agree
That of things I've got a useful and an ornamental lot
In my Gladstone bag that's called the Jubilee!

I've a toothbrush and a banjo, a white waistcoat and a
drum,
I've a teapot and a tin of Liebig soup,
I've a photographic album and some old Jamaica rum,
I've a moneybox, some whitebait and a hoop;
I've a jar of piccalilli and some orders for the Zoo,
I've a mousetrap and a mastiff and a ham,
I've a hipbath and a ferret, and a pound of Lime street
glue,
I've a piece of ink-eraser and some jam.

I've a box of paper collars, an umbrella and a flute,
I've a hymn book and some nitro-glycerine,
I've some sealing wax, a razor, and a highly coloured suit,
I've some bloaters and a Cornhill Magazine,
I've some lozenges, a bootjack, and a marker for bezique,
I've a tuning fork, a diary and a gun,
I've a set of teeth, some sermons, and a blazer that's unique,
I've a bottle of magnesia and a bun.

I've a wedding-ring, a cuckoo-clock, a Bradshaw and a spoon,
I've a ladder and a corkscrew and a cheese,
I've a Merryweather fire-escape and also a balloon,
I've an ounce of Keating's stuff for killing—*flies*,
I've a patent mustard-plaster, I've a lobster and a spade,
I've an automatic butter-scotch machine,
I've a set of quoits, a meerschaum and a pot of marmalade,
I've a parrot that will sing *God save the Queen*.

A HALTING BALLADE OF HEROES.

WHERE, O where are the days that are dead?
Where are the heroes of old dead days?
Many there be whom the fates have led
To distant lands and by divers ways,
"*Gone from our ken*" as the Singer says;
Great men of muscle and *beaux esprits*,
We think of each by our Christmas blaze,
Here's a health to the C. L. C.!

Now where is Richard, in blazer red,
Watching the rings that his lips upraise,
Taking his ease when his boys have said
Their *sum* and ἔιμι, their *b's* + *a's*?
And where is Ronald, with far-off gaze,
Arguing on in a way that's free,
Losing himself in a hopeless maze?
Here's a health to the C. L. C.!

And where is Ross? is his curly head
Covered already with legal bays?
Are his tales and jokes brought out, instead
Of legal lore, to the Court's amaze?
(Jokes witty—not wicked—as Rabelais')
And where is Arnold, who rides, *on dit*,
To church for miles and mistakes the days?
Here's a health to the C. L. C.!

ENVOY.

Edward and Greville and George are wed,
Others we know are about to be,
Let us be thankful that none be dead,
Here's a health to the C. L. C.!

Xmas, 1888.

MATTHEW ON THE BROADS.

Lines for a Picture (as yet unpainted).

UPON the deck of his good ship he stands,
His keen brown face all weatherworn and wise
With knowledge of the water's mysteries;
By unknown ways, past perilous rocks and sands
Unmarked on any chart, with iron hands
That hold the helm nor ever tire, and eyes
That weary not with watching changing skies,
He sails in search of fame and strange new lands.

NO TENNIS.

(Rondeaux of the Weather.)

i. MAY.

OH, for the spring! Last night it froze,
To-day it hails and sleets and snows,
There is no sunshine overhead,
The sun is out of town or dead,
Even the curséd East wind blows.

I'm full of aches and pains and woes,
The wind has bitten my toes and nose,
My toes are tender, my nose is red,
Oh, for the Spring!

One must just bear it, I suppose,
Sit by the fire and toast one's toes,
I would I could retire to bed,
And with twelve quilts upon me spread,
Slumber until the East wind goes.
Oh, for the Spring!

ii. JULY.

Oh bother! a pouring day again,
Nothing but wind and clouds and rain,
A road of puddles, an angry sky,
Some draggle-tailed dripping passers by,
That's all I can see thro' the window pane.

Even a duck might well complain,
It's enough to make a Powell profane,
It's enough to make an angel—cry
"Oh, bother!"

They have mown the hay, but it's all in vain,
And the weather it "goes against the grain,"
We must sit by the fire in mid July,
It will never again be fine or dry,
The clerk of the weather is quite insane,
Oh, bother!

BALLADE OF MY AMATEUR STOCK-BROKING FRIEND.

To * * * *

OF advice he has plenty to spare,
And he gives it—a way that he's got—
He will wink with a satisfied air
And declare I shall pocket a lot,
If I'll strike while the iron is hot
And to *his* advice only attend;
He's a cock-sure young person, I wot,
Is my amateur stock-broking friend!

I may take a firm stand and declare
That buy any more shares I will *not*,
I may use stronger language and swear,
Saying "No, if I do, I'll be—shot,"
I may tell him to go—well, to pot,
But he's bound to persuade me to spend,
Persevere is the motto, I wot,
Of my amateur stock-broking friend!

I may travel by train anywhere,
I may go out to sea in a yacht,
I may go by balloon thro' the air,
I may seek the most desolate spot,
I may live, a recluse, in a grot,
But I come across him, in the end;
A ubiquitous being, I wot,
Is my amateur stock-broking friend!

ENVOY.

I may add he's a canny young Scot,
He'll advise, but he never will lend,
He is rather a nuisance, I wot,
Is my amateur stock-broking friend!

BALLADE OF A BALLADE MAKER.

A Warning to one G. E. M.

HE has written *Ballades* by the score,
He writes them by night and by day,
He has written some hundreds or more,
He is rhyming and scanning alway,
With the *envoy* he's very *au fait*,
At refrains he's a regular swell,
But I can't say he finds that they pay,
Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!

He has written on Wagner and Spohr,
Upon "Snob," the Forth Bridge and Millais,
Upon Nebuchadnezzar and Noah,
Upon Capetown and Babbacome Bay,
He can be both pathetic and gay,
He has written on Heaven and—well,
He's exhausted all subjects, they say;
Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!

His relations all think him a bore,
They object, as in truth well they may,
It's a subject on which they are sore,
But in vain do they threaten or pray,
He is always in dreams and *distrait*,
What he's doing they never can tell,
He is throwing his chances away,
Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!

ENVOY.

It's a fever no drugs can allay,
A disease that no doctors can quell,
It's a thing that will kill him one day,
Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!

IN THE PADDOCK.

Le jeu de Grillon.

Allons pour voir
Une allumette,
Un jeu de grillon!
Ma foi! ma foi
Quelle alouette
Dans le pavillon.
(Old French.)

VOILA! le champ
Dans ses flanelles:
Le Capitaine
Il rompe de jambe,
Sa forme est belle
Il coupe trés bien.

Allons! Jouons!
Ah, quelle est belle
La poix tondue!
On bloque, c'est bon,
C'est une pucelle,
C'est au-dessus.

Pas hors? comment?
Jamais esprit,
C'est une non-boule.
Ma foi! c'est bon,
Un coup pour six
Entre la foule!

Comment est ca?
Un guichet? Hors!
Il joua trop tard,
Ses souches sont bas,
Sacré! encore
Œuf de canard!

"SNOB."

THREE sticks against an ivied wall,
And twilight after tea,
A broken bat, a dirty ball,
How much they mean to me!

THE LADIES' MATCH.

(RONDEL.)

O LADY fair, we bowled you thrice,
And had you ten times leg-before,
We stumped you six times, caught you twice,
(We butter-fingered twelve or more.)

And yet, because you were so nice,
We could but wink and let you score,
Tho', Lady fair, we bowled you thrice,
And had you ten times leg-before!

Till tea-time came! and in a trice
I own we were gallant no more,
We had to make the sacrifice,
So gave you out for 94,
But, Lady fair, we bowled you thrice,
And had you ten times leg-before!

LAST YEAR'S MAY.

JOY seemed to die with last year's May, I said,
The world is changed, the sky is cold and grey,
The lanes are white, but not as once with may;
The snowflakes cover all the ways instead
Of goodly may-bloom (oh, so sweet!) and spread
White silence over all the land; all day
They fall and fall adown the self-same way
Whereby the sunshine came that now is dead.

What lesson can I learn? Ah well, God knows
Some good may lie beneath the snowdrifts there,
Some fair flower-soul in some small doubting seed,
That dreams of summer days and slowly grows
In God's good time to bud and flower most fair,
But knows not now if it be flower or weed.

Cedar Lawn, 1886.

A LAODICEAN.

'TIS Sunday morning, the bells afar
Ring with a rhythm irregular,
Trying their best to be secular.

The Dean is to preach, I am told, to-day,
The Dean, I expect, will have plenty to say
About Laodiceans and sheep that stray.

But the sky is so blue, the trees are so green,
I think that in spite of my friend the Dean
I shall stay in my garden, a Laodicean.

For my hammock is hung where the lilacs grow,
Where laburnum buds are beginning to show,
And guelder-roses like balls of snow.

The aisles of my garden are cool and green,
I've a pipe and a book and a seltzogene,
While my choir of thrushes sing well, I ween.

Here as I sit in my chapel of ease,
I can just catch glimpses between the trees
Of the congregation in twos and threes.

Ah! there's the Dean in a carriage and pair,
With his neat black gaiters and sandy hair,
And a bag (*with his favourite sermon there!*)

The bells are silent, the road is clear,
The Dean is to preach, but I stay here,
A sheep that has strayed from the fold I fear.

ON THE HEATH.

BEHIND the hills a sunset sky,
Purple and gold and red,
Heaven's candles lit by hands on high
Burn dimly overhead.

Behind the hills, beneath the sky
Whose colours wane and change,
What undiscovered countries lie,
What cities fair and strange?

Ah me, if I could cross the hills
This quiet eventide,
And leave behind the pains and ills,
And gain the other side!

The colours change and wane and die,
And gone is all the gold,
The gradual evening comes, the sky
Grows grey and dark and cold.

All is not dark, for steadfastly,
Altho' the day is dead,
Heaven's candles lit by hands on high
Burn brightly overhead.

IN LOVER'S LANE.

(RONDEAU.)

To E. P. M.

ONE day in spring in Lover's Lane
We sheltered from the April rain,
And—well, she looked so fresh and fair,
I kissed her lips, I kissed her hair,
And then—she kissed me back again.

Somehow our kisses seemed to explain
Our heart's desire: we blessed the rain
And built such castles in the air
That day in Spring.

And most of our *chateaux* in Spain
Have come to be: I still am fain
To kiss her lips, to kiss her hair,
Altho' the dear grey showeth there,
And bless the kiss that bound us twain
That day in Spring.

LINES BY A MANIAC.

Dedicated to J. P., and composed after endeavouring to grapple with his famous arithmetical problem, "If a cartload of policemen cost fourpence, how many tins of Australian beef will it take to make a piece of india-rubber tubing six feet long?"

THEY sat upon the Lion's Head
And paddled in the mane,
'Twas noon and time to go to bed,
Each had a counterpain.

The Doctor grinned a ghastly grin,
His cousin paced the shore,
The keyless-watch-dog barked its shin,
The cat-o'-nine-tails swore.

The butler oiled his hair in bed
And gave a feeble whine,
"*There's naught to butle, sir,*" he said,
"*Ha, Ha, the girl is mine!*"

And fast and furious down the glen
They rode the Captain's gig,
There were a hundred one-armed men
And each one wore a wig.

And while the sun all glorious shone,
The gloaming 'gan to gloam,
And Mary put the cattle on
And called the kettle home.

THE STORY OF A STOCK-POT.

To the C. L. C. C. M. T.

THERE was a prudent Hottentot
Who always kept a big stock-pot.

Always upon the fire it lay
And simmered pleasantly all day.

His kitchen was the open air,
His larder it was everywhere;

This prudent Hottentot would fling
Into his stock-pot anything

That he considered good to eat,
Green-stuff, or fish, or fowl, or meat,

Perhaps a bit of cassowary,
Or "drumstick of a missionary,"

Or anything that he could find
By passing travellers left behind,

A long-lost toothbrush or a shoe,
A late-lamented dog or two;

So that, whatever might betide,
He always had a meal supplied.

Hungry and tired one Christmas Day,
A band of travellers came that way.

(In search of stock, the Hottentot
By chance was not upon the spot.)

And suddenly dawned on their view
A stock-pot full of savoury stew!

They sat them down without a word,
And till 'twas finished never stirred.

Then they arose and went their way,
Like giants refreshed, replete and gay.

The Hottentot came back and found
His stock-pot empty on the ground.

He fell a victim to the shock.
(His next heir used him up as stock!)

Meanwhile the travellers nearly died,
They had such fearful pains inside!

They took, to make that meal digest,
All that was in their medicine-chest.

And grey and gaunt, and bent and pale,
They just survived to tell the tale.

MORAL.

To steal your dinner is not right,
E'en when you have an appetite,

Particularly the stock-pot
Of a poor innocent Hottentot.

LINES BY A DYSPEPTIC PERSON OF QUALITY.

HAGGARD, hollow, stricken and torn,
Amid the shadows I walk forlorn,
Philistines round me laugh me to scorn.
Ah, quelle est belle la Miserie!

Fate is a phantom fearful and fell,
What is Fate's meaning? Ah, who can tell?
I will not question, I am not well.
Ah, quelle est belle la Miserie!

Life is a cobwebby cavern of care,
With the bones of our past lying bleaching and bare,
While the ghosts of to-morrow shrink shuddering there.
Ah, quelle est belle la Miserie!

What is the end of us? who can tell?
I will not question, I am not well,
Cheese toasted for supper 's a snare and a sell.
Ah, quelle est belle la Miserie!

GARDEN RONDEAUX.

i.

With Cigarette.

To * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Je ne saurais, pour un empire,
Vous la nommer.
Chanson de Fortunio.

WITH cigarette, one sweet spring day,
Beneath the shady cedar lay
My Lady fair; she watched on high
The smoke-rings rise into the sky,
Until like dreams they died away.

And loitering down the garden gay,
I saw her and was fain to stay
And at her feet awhile to lie,
With cigarette.

Oh! it was sweet to smell the may,
And watch the speckled thrushes play,
To see the belted bees go by,
And hear the hidden cuckoo cry,
By her to dream the hours away
With cigarette.

ii.

Under the Trees.

To G. A. P.

UNDER the trees, sedate and shy,
Knowing perchance that I was nigh,
She stood that day and looked so fair,
The sunlight falling on her hair,
I could not pass the cedars by.

That it was wrong I don't deny,
No one, I knew, was near to spy,
And so I kissed her then and there
Under the trees.

And then we formed a Company,
With two Directors—she and I—
Of golden love each took a share:
That day we struck a gold-reef rare,
Enough to last us till we lie
Under the trees.

IN THE CLOISTERS.

To R. P. F.

IT may be she will never know
That I have always loved her so;
Within these cloisters cold and grey
I think of her by night, by day,
Wearily pacing to and fro.

If she but knew! When lights are low,
Amid the chanting hushed and slow,
I kneel and think of her, and say
Her name for prayers; I cannot pray.
God knows, but will she ever know?

FATHER ANSELMO.

To G. M. McD.

WITHIN his quiet white-walled cell
Father Anselmo worked right well,
From the matin till the vesper bell.

His desk was set against the wall,
Beneath the window square and small,
So that the light might fitly fall.

The small square window was so high,
Father Anselmo could espy
Naught but a little square of sky.

But, as above his desk he bent,
He praised the Lord, and was content
To know the seasons came and went.

By old familiar sign and sound
He knew when harvest-time came round,
And when the snow was on the ground.

And he could see, across the sky,
The white-winged convent pigeons fly,
And the great clouds go sailing by.

He thought it was a goodly thing
To hear God's choir of thrushes sing
At early morn and evening.

So every day, within his cell,
Father Anselmo worked right well
From the matin till the vesper bell.

For wondrous skill was his to write
Upon the parchment, smooth and white,
The missal text in colours bright.

With cunning fingers he would paint
About the initial letters quaint
Mary Mother and holy Saint,

Flowers and fruit of wondrous hue,
And purple hills, and skies of blue
With angels' faces looking thro'.

One woman's face was always there,
A woman's face most pure and fair,
With great grey eyes and golden hair.

On every page that face would be,
A face that he could always see
Thro' windows of his memory.

Year after year within his cell,
While nations warred and kingdoms fell
Outside, the father worked right well.

Until one day in early Spring,
Just when the birds began to sing,
They came and found him slumbering.

His work was finished ; in its place
Finis his hand had tried to trace
Beneath that pure and perfect face.

Within the convent grey with time,
His masterpiece, unique, sublime,
May still be seen, untouched by time ;

Unfaded still, that face is there,
That woman's face so pure and fair,
With great grey eyes and golden hair.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

To H. A. F.

ACROSS the gorse and thro' the hay
I saw her coming yesterday;
Methought she walked in thoughtful wise,
With parted lips and wistful eyes
That seemed to see things far away.

She did not see, she did not know
That someone dared to love her so;
I only watched her as she went,
And deemed my idle day well-spent
Just to have seen her come and go.

* * *

Oh, what a path of gold to-day
Across the gorse and thro' the hay!
I know the far-off things she saw,
She loves me and, twixt joy and awe,
I know not if to praise or pray.

Holmwood.

ERINNERUNG.

TWILIGHT grey
In mid September,
After a harvest day;
Now and again
Some drops of rain;
Along the road,
Beneath the trees,
In twos and threes,
With golden load,
The gleaners went their way.
I shall remember
It all for ever and aye!

Surrey.

IN THE LANE.

AH me! how often I have gone
In olden times along this lane,
To where a little candle shone
Behind a certain window pane.

Look! in the west there is a star,
I dream it is her window lit
By her dear hands; but 'tis so far
I cannot reach to open it.

Surrey.

RONDEL.

I SHOULD be rich, if love were gold,
And so would you, *ma belle*,
Richer than Ophir famed of old,
Richer than tongue can tell.

No coffers made by hands would hold
Our wealth uncountable;
I should be rich, if love were gold,
And so would you, *ma belle*.

I would have palaces untold
Where you and I might dwell,
You should have jewels a hundred-fold
And all you loved right well;
I should be rich, if love were gold,
And so would you, *ma belle*.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

L'heure des fantômes est passée, dit-il, il s'agit de songer un peu aux vivants.

Dumas.

LAST night I lay and watched the ghosts go by,
The ghosts of my dead days, a strange array,
Some clad for festival and others grey
And sombre-suited; slowly, silently,
Past me they went, my life's whole history,
And many of them turned and looked my way
With sad reproachful look that seemed to say,
"Why didst thou let me aimless, useless die?"

Then I awoke, and lo! the dead were gone,
And through the frosty air, distinct and clear,
I heard the bells that rang a new year in:
And to myself I said, "Grieve not, strive on,
Lest more dead days born of another year
Rise up as witnesses against thy sin."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

To * * *

"IN days to be," I whispered low
One Christmas-eve long years ago,
And looking in her sunny eyes,
Full of love's gracious glad surprise,
Forgot the clouded skies and snow.

But she is gone, and dark and slow
Will be the days until I go,
And say Good-bye to all good-byes
In days to be.

God's sun will melt, God's wind will blow
The snow from all the land, and lo!
One fair spring morn, in shining guise,
Herself will beckon angel-wise,
And she will be my own, I know,
In days to be.

TRIOLET.

ONLY a kiss
And a whisper low,
A trifle like this,
Only a kiss,
Not much to miss?
Ah, well, I *know*;
Only a kiss
And a whisper low.

IN THE MIST.

I WENT along the cliffs to-day
And thro' the woodlands home,
To find out where the blackberries grow,
And where the sea-birds roam.

But as I went, the grey sea-mist
Came down all suddenly,
And like a curtain hid the land
And covered sea and sky.

Altho' my day seemed blank and grey,
'Twas better than it seemed,
Not much to be done perhaps,
But plenty to be dreamed.

And as all pleasant dreams are best
Of course I dreamed of you,
And thro' the mist I saw your face
With steadfast eyes and true.

A DUTCH IDYLL.

To G. A. P.

AT Scheveningen, by the sea,
I met with her in May,
I understood sufficient Dutch
To stop and ask the way;
She wore a homespun dress of blue
With the bodice all cut low,
And on her feet, so neat and sweet,
Were the daintiest *sabots*.

I knew not what she talked about,
But I watched her silently,
For her hair was like the sunshine,
And her eyes were like the sea,
And tho' she spoke in guttural Dutch
Her voice was soft and low,
And on her feet, so neat and sweet,
Were the daintiest *sabots*.

And then we said "Good bye" in Dutch,
And then she went her way,
And alas! I've never seen her since,
And I fear I never may;
She wore great Zeeland buttons
Of silver, all a-row,
And on her feet, so neat and sweet,
Were the daintiest *sabots*.

The Hague.

A MODERN ENDYMION.

"*Que l'Amour fait passer le Temps.*"

SHE is so graceful, tall and fair,
The lady whom I love,
I wonder she should stoop to me,
She is so far above;
(Two hundred thousand miles away,
That's what the Encyclopædias say!)

She dwells within the silver moon,
I live in Kentish Town,
Two very different spheres, I know,
But I fancy she looks down
And yearns for my small first-floor back,
In preference to the Zodiac.

Whene'er I sleep, by day or night,
I dream of her alway;
(I am a Civil Service clerk,
So often sleep by day.)
"*Sweet dreams from out the ivory gate,*"
But never a kiss or *tête-à-tête.*

I'm sure that she is wholly mine,
I know that all is well;
And yet, I own, I sometimes wish
She were more tangible;
At times she seems a little far,
Our courtship is peculiar.

I'm sometimes jealous of the man
  Who also lives up there,
I'm fearful lest the twain should meet,
  And fall in love and pair;
And yet I think it cannot be,
She surely will be true to me.

I know that some day we shall meet,
  I trust in Providence,
Maybe in other worlds than this,
  And maybe centuries hence,
A long engagement certainly,
But what a honey-moon 'twill be!

ROMANCE.

"Alas, how easily things go wrong!"

I MET her in a Hampstead street,
One day when Spring was fair;
Ah! she was seventeen and sweet!
Blue eyes and golden hair!
And when she smiled, I knew that vain
Would be my life and lone,
Until I met that maid again
And made her all my own.

Some five years later in the Strand,
Beneath November skies,
We met, and as I clasped her hand
And gazed into her eyes,
And saw that form divine again,
From girl to woman grown,
I knew again my life was vain
Till she became my own.

I met her last in Dartmouth town,
Engaged in "looking round;"
She was the buxom Mrs. Brown
For Cape Town outward bound,
With Mr. Brown, obese and grey,
And children eight or nine.
Alas! it was too late to say
That I would make her mine.

'Tis hard sometimes to understand
How things are ordered here;
Of old I could not seek her hand
On sixty pounds a year;
While when we met in Dartmouth town
I was a millionaire,
But she was buxom Mrs. Brown
With not a hand to spare.

Dartmouth.

A BALLADE OF COMRADES.

HERE'S to the friends that I have met
At home, abroad, by land and sea;
Dear friends I never shall forget,
With whom I never disagree,
Saints, sinners, *gaillards, beaux esprits,*
What tho' they seem a motley crew,
Good, bad, rich, poor, whate'er they be,
They all are comrades proved and true.

Chingachgook, Valjean, and Cosette,
Dear Colonel Newcome, Amyas Leigh,
Père Goriot and Cousine Bette,
D'Artagnan with his comrades three,
Great Allan Quatermain and "She,"
Mulvaney and the other Two,
Dick Swiveller always on the spree—
They all are comrades proved and true.

Prince Otto, Signa, Cigarette,
Phillis, the Twins and Gilead P.,
Maid Angélique and wee Fadette,
Young Tadpole, Gudge and Mrs. G.,
Charles Ravenshoe, Sir Willoughby,
Lecoq, Fracasse, the Wandering Jew,
Starbottle with his language free—
They all are comrades proved and true.

ENVOY.

Ah! Prince, one's rhymes fit awkwardly,
And I can only name a few;
But there are hundreds dear to me,
Who all are comrades proved and true.

THE GOLFER'S BIG, BIG D.

To R. L. P.

(With apologies, &c.)

I DROVE a golf-ball into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a word into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and free
That it can follow a big, big D?

A short time afterward *on the green*
I found that golf-ball round and clean;
And the word from beginning to end
I heard again from the lips of a friend.

GOLF TRIOLETS.

I.

OH! bunkers of sand
And a bottle of beer:
On every hand
Are bunkers of sand,
I can't understand
Why my play is so queer:
Oh! bunkers of sand
And a bottle of beer.

II.

There is always a but!
My drive was A 1,
But I got in a rut
(There is always a but),
And I foozled the putt,
And the medal is gone;
There is always a but
When the other man's won.

TWO ROSES.

WHITE rose and red rose
Grow on the wall,
Green boughs overhead,
Blue over all.

Dark hair and golden,
Blue eyes and brown,
Lists in the meadows,
Flags in the town.

Gold helm and silver,
Red rose and white,
Plucked for a token,
Hey, for the fight!

THE EIGHT.

"Row, brothers, row!"

FROM bow to stroke each man was strong
To battle and endure,
"His strength was as the strength of ten,[1]
Because his heart was pure."

One day perchance in other worlds,
The eight, grown old and stiff,
May row upon some other stream
And race old Charon's skiff.

[1] "Dans la galère Capitane
Nous étions *quatre-vingt* rameurs."

The Letters to Some Eminent Members of the C. L. C. were, with the exception of the last two, written in 1886. They are printed here without alteration.

LETTERS

TO

SOME EMINENT MEMBERS

OF THE C. L. C.

LETTERS TO SOME EMINENT MEMBERS OF THE C. L. C.

i.

To A. P.

"Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye."
Spenser.

My Dear Sir,

I ADDRESS you first because I look upon you not only as a great player of tennis, but also as a distinct and precious ornament of the C. L. C., as in truth you would be of any Club fortunate enough to embrace you among its associates. Happy indeed is the Club, or person, that enjoys the privilege of embracing you.

I would linger lovingly for a while on the subject of your tennis. There is a melodious rhythm in your play, a subtle poetry in your movements. Pleasant it is on some sunny afternoon to lie reclined upon the ivy, "canopied by the blue sky," while the air is sweet with the scent of the chestnut bloom, and the familiar thrush flies to and fro from his nest in the wall.

Leaning against the privet hedge, beside the court, while the blue-grey smoke curls lazily upwards, good is it to watch you as you poise and dart and flash in sudden serve and quick return. With what superb calm do you frustrate your adversary's deeply-laid plans, with what splendid fury do you pull up your many-coloured socks, and, dashing to the ground the green cap that shows like some wreath about your hyacinthine locks, storm with irresistible onset your opponent's stronghold. As the flail of the husbandman descends with clash as of rain and wind upon the golden sheaves, not otherwise does your racquet (14½ oz.) flash in the sunshine around the net and merry balls.

We have seen you in various garb: comely you are in the somewhat sombre dress of everyday, glorious when girt about with evening warpaint. Many times have we, with wistful eyes, watched you go forth from the ancestral halls, "arrayed like unto the lilies," in upper garment shaped like Hirundo, the swallow; "in puraque veste," which, being interpreted, may mean in spotless white waistcoat. But dearest to our eyes are you when clad in the more careless whites, "flannel vestalis," and in the old green blazer (God bless it!)

Once, indeed, in the familiar courts was there wailing and weeping, like the sound of the summer rain among the young cedar-trees. Once, indeed, inspired by some well-nigh diabolical wile, did the enemy triumph over you, and an angry

sun sank low in a stormy sky, and our hearts sank too, as we learnt that you had been beaten by one who shall here be nameless.

Still, with favouring following winds do you sail through life, and I doubt not many a pleasant moment will be yours before your last sett is played out.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1886.

ii.

To J. P.

Soy cofrade del contento;
El pesar no sé quien es,
Ni aun para servirle. El fin
Soy, aqui donde me veis,
Mayordomo de la risa,
Gentilhombre del placer
Y camerero del gusto
Pues que me visto con él.

Calderon.

My Dear Sir,

I BEGIN this letter with much diffidence, because I am conscious that it cannot fail to be unworthy of the person to whom it is addressed. It should be made to sparkle with wit and coruscate with "quip and crank and quaint conceit." You are the very embodiment of jest and jollity; "Chicot, the jester" of the C. L. C. Often have the familiar courts re-echoed with the chorus of joyous laughter, born of the ready jest newly coined by you, or culled at second hand by us from the columns of the local newspaper.

I know that you are devoted to higher things: not always do you descend from the pinnacle of politics and paternity. Only in the intervals of

more serious matters—of disestablishing the church, or quoting Byron to unsympathetic Tories—do you condescend to jest. But these intervals are not few and far between.

Life seems to be a long and pleasant draught to you; you utterly rejoice in prosperity and health: many times have I been glad to see you keeping up your strength on "staminal cocoa" and plain cake on the Aerated Bread Company's premises.

Your tennis has been described as erratic, although it is probably not so erratic as that of some other members of the C. L. C. How splendidly you can play we know, who gladly watched you one grey evening not long ago. Then,—although your opponent was somewhat hampered by the idea of his distant dinner,—did you show in your full glory, and rally succeeded rally, serve followed serve, as the wan day declined.

But at times your agility may be said to be a combination of a superannuated ballet girl and the domestic flea. You are the Browning, as your brother Arnold is the Shelley, of the game. And the meaning of your play sometimes is as obscure as the meaning of your jests—and this is saying much

When your play is most erratic, then is your mouth full of wise aphorisms as to the way to play, couched for the most part in wonderful French.

There is no irreverence or disrespect in this letter. I know too well how we should miss the jests and jollity of James. How bare and silent would the

courts be, "mere ruined choirs"; in vain would the speckled thrush repeat to us his sweet long song, in vain would the wind sing in the trees overhead, whitening the court with the sweet bloom; in vain would the flannels flash against the dark ivy-coloured walls. May we shake hands across the net and speed the white-winged ball many times before we die.

I am, My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1886.

iii.

To R. L. P.

"And I saw a goodly knight come riding through the trees; of a ruddy countenance and right richly apparelled."

Contes par Moi-même.

My Dear Sir,

I HAVE never had the privilege of being personally acquainted with a real live Duke, although I may possibly have seen one from a distance. But I feel that in having had the pleasure of knowing you, I have more than made up for my non-familiarity with strawberry leaves. You may not have been born a Duke, but you ought to have been.

Whether clad in glad red and white you stroke crews to victory at Henley; whether within the familiar courts you play tennis, as you alone know how to play; whether in the paddock you bowl alternate wide and wicket, or let the insidious underhand curl around your brawny limbs; whether upon the Heath or in Rotten Row you "witch the world with noble horsemanship"; whether deeply immersed in some book you smoke innumerable pipes with that facility which

is so characteristic of you; whether at home or at the *Isthmian* you act as host to your many friends; at all times are you Ducal in appearance and in manner.

In your capacity as Duke, and as the head of our younger generation, I have ever looked up to you with awe and admiration, mingled with a deal of affection. In manifold ways would I fain imitate you. I envy you your shoulders, and have often yearned to know the name and address of your tailor. Your shoulders, like your religion, are broad, and your tailor is evidently an artist both in cut and colour.

I think you are one of those rare beings, a happy man. Your life, although eminently aristocratic, is simple and unpretending. And you are no pessimist; in your mind there is no

"Mystic turn of thought,
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that does but mope and moan,
Not knowing why."

Your life may be described as a long delightful driving tour through a pleasant country, with dear companions by your side, and with occasional stoppages for refreshment.

Fortune oftimes hath a card up her sleeve, and it may yet be that we shall see you with strawberry leaves around your brow, and watch you with pride as you take your proper place among

your fellow Peers. Perchance in a contiguous chamber your brother James will hold his audience spell-bound with his eloquence, and bring in measures for you to veto.

I am, Your Grace,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1836.

iv.

To E. P. P.

"Who well showed *there is no service like his that serves because he loves.*"

The Arcadia.

My Dear Sir,

SOME men we admire and love when we have grown to know them well; others we love and admire at first sight, we know not nor care not why: I think you are one of these.

To us of the C. L. C. you are always as one singing joyfully and hopefully, and your songs help us and cheer us. They tell me you are going away; is this why of late

"Gladly at once and sadly it seems ye sing"?

How we shall miss you! Surely the summer is cold and dreary enough already.

Your tennis—and especially your service—is like yourself, always the same and good. When the day is dark and rainy, so that the pools of water lie upon the court, then do you "render service swift and sure," and, in your brave "blue" and white, show like a flake of summer sky descended from behind the clouds. When the day is one in midsummer, and the bold sun sinks lower and lower until it tops the westering wall

and comes near to blind the poor player, who prematurely called "smooth," not knowing that the Fates were weaving the arras of his being "rough," so that he needs must turn upon his heel and seek the sun and look it in the face—then are you sure and steady in your play, and as refreshing to us as shelter or as soda water.

We shall think of you, those of us at home, and those of us whose lot may lie perchance "over the sea a thousand miles." We shall think of you in your cottage in the quiet town by the blue sea.

There's a house I know
Is just a few feet
From a quiet street,
Where the people meet
To have their say
At the end of the day,
When the world is gray,
And the air is sweet
With the roses that grow,
High and low,
In the gardens quaint and neat.

And behind, you must know,
Is a garden small,
Where quaint flowers are;
There are hollyhocks tall,
There are lupins blue;
There's a grassplot too
Which the daisies star;
There you may lie,
If you have a mind,
The long day through;
You may watch the bee
In his wandering,
You may listen and hear

The blackbird sing,
The starling call,
You may watch and see
The rose leaves fall
At touch of the wind
Who comes from far;
You may see in the sky
The rooks go by,
And the pigeons fly
To the farmstead near.
(Cetera desunt).

Your dreams,—doubtless you have had your dreams, "sweet dreams from out the ivory gate" —are coming true, I think. You have been dreaming for some years now, since first you fell upon the enchanted sleep by Eastern seas. You will wake up and find it is all true. May you be able to say as Pierre Séguier said, "*My soul is like a garden full of shelter and of fountains.*"

I am, My Dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1886.

v.

To G. A. P.

"A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie."

Chaucer.

My Dear Sir,

I WILL not enlarge upon your qualities, as my time is limited, and as I should like this letter to reach you before the end of the summer. I trust that this will not be considered too "strong"; I may add that I am not in want of anything at your hands for the moment.

I will pass over your tennis briefly, since you have been beaten in the Tournament, I hear, by one who shall be nameless, but who may, if he choose, pride himself upon being the most erratic player in the Club. I will only say that there is occasionally a deal of "*dash!*" about your play.

Your personal appearance is eminently satisfactory; whether in the early (?) morning you rise like—I forget which god or goddess it was for the moment—from the terebene-scented foam; whether at night you seek repose, "whiter than driven snow"; whether, girt about with glory, you seek the gentle *At Home;* whether, in wellnigh indescribable amethystine velvet, you lounge and

look sublime under the "scented cedar-trees": at all times are you wholesome to behold, at all times do you run your brother Leonard hard for the family dukedom.

Pleasant is your presence upon golden summer afternoons when the familiar courts are full; plenteous is your tact, making us happy and at home: with sweet suavity do you quiet the rising "rag": with courtly grace do you compliment

"each maiden with a musical sweet name."

In one thing only do you disappoint us. Why do you look so long before you leap? Why do you hesitate to join the noble army of martyrs—I beg pardon—married men? Why do you persist in your pilgrimage alone along the "primrose path" of life? Surely somewhere along the way, seated on mossy bank, the maiden waits for you. Surely with sweet and wistful smile she listens for the footsteps of one who comes not, but who tarries; surely with winsome and sweet eyes she watches for the face she has seen in her dreams so many times.

"How long shall I wait, come heat come rime?
Till the strong Prince comes, who must come in time."

Will not the bells ring soon? Will not the local paper benefit to the tune of eighteenpence, and insert in its marriage column the name we know and love so well?

I am, My dear Sir,
Yours most truly,
E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1886.

vi.

To G. E. M.

"Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad."
Spenser.

My Dear Sir,

I HESITATE to approach you, because you are perhaps the one member of the C. L. C. with whom I am least acquainted. My remarks will, in consequence, savour somewhat of diffidence —will be founded rather on hearsay than on actual knowledge.

You are, I believe, a curious mixture. Brimful of energy and boyishness, you are yet ever dignified and full of repose. Your patience and punctuality are proverbial, are perfect and perpetual. From early morn—when you rejoice to rise and commune with nature, while your peers upon their backs slumber and sleep—through the long day, golden or gray, do you pursue your pilgrimage, patient and restful as the pilgrims of old to *Mecca*, until the dewy evening with its quietness comes, and you neatly fold up your clothes and silently steal away to roost and reverie.

Your tennis is steady and sure, is soft and calm; with infinite patience are you content to wait your

opportunity, which not unfrequently comes after the sett is over. At times your play is brilliant; when, for example, the heath in the immediate neighbourhood of the familiar court is bright with "blessed damozels," then indeed do you exert and sacrifice yourself for the sake of your susceptible partner, and swift as flash of sudden summer lightning does your right arm urge the white winged ball, high up in air, across the ivied wall.

There is a rumour that you are going away soon to distant lands.

I can picture you in sunny clime, stretched in a hammock beneath the shady verandah of some white-walled villa, watching the distant sails on the blue sea, lost in a vague dim dream, or reading the last book or paper sent to you by some affectionate member of the C. L. C.; anon lifting a lazy hand to stroke your long black beard, or pluck the ripe orange hanging near.

I can imagine the neat and careful letters that will be born of your hand, also the execrable verses and lukewarm jokes that will find their way across the ocean.

Abroad or in England may you be happy.

I am, My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1886.

vii.

To R. F. McD.

"How well I know what I mean to do
When the long dark autumn evenings come."
Browning.

My Dear Sir,

I AM writing to you because I am somewhat alarmed as to the state of your health, having heard that you have been seized with a hankering after golf. It is indeed a dangerous symptom.

I have seldom seen you play tennis. You were taking tea with countesses, while we others were playing our humble setts and listening for the 5 o'clock gong. I have never seen you play cricket. But I doubt not that your eye is true and your right arm strong, and that golf will prove fatal to you.

I am only a beginner at golf, and I know my place, I hope. But I cannot forbear communicating to you, who probably, like myself, will have but little leisure for the game, a pleasant way of giving vent to one's enthusiasm (and mine is great) without evil after-effects.

My games have been confined to quiet Cornish links, where my opponent and myself shared green downs by the sea, with only the birds and winds, and an occasional ass. Now, alas! I am far from

Cornwall, and for more reasons than one I am debarred from playing. Being a very shy man, I shrink from crowded links. I may be too sensitive; but I cannot bear the idea of being wedged in like the ham in a sandwich, between a couple of old gentlemen who feel that they have the day in front of them, and two active young athletes in knickerbockers and rude, not to say indecent health, who play golf as if it were a kind of "go-as-you-please contest." I must confess too that I stand somewhat in dread of your thoroughbred caddie. I have been accustomed to caddies unsophisticated and in a state of innocence, with whom I could hold my own. Moreover I like my links at my very door; I hate rushing off by train with an ungainly parcel of clubs under my arm. I also like my meals regularly; I am told that on some links a player can now be disqualified for stopping in his round for lunch. This, I think, is carrying things too far.

Young and enthusiastic golfers like you may perhaps make light of these objections; but I feel that I am getting elderly, being already in my thirty-third year. As for enthusiasm, I will yield to no one in that.

Lately, however, I have found out a way of getting over these difficulties, and I have been enjoying some very pleasant games. I know my Cornish links pretty well by heart, even including the bunkers, and often in the evening, as I sit in front of my fire, smoking, I have a game. It is a strange thing how my form has improved since

I took to playing in this way. I do not want to boast, but it does not do to be too modest when golf is concerned, and I may safely say that my driving is now, as a rule, superb. My swing is exactly what it ought to be, and I am wonderfully straight. I am very safe in my approaching, and seldom foozle a putt. Being conscientious, I occasionally get into a bunker. It is only fair, you see. But I am never long at a loss in sand.

There are many advantages in my method of playing golf, all of which I need not mention. I am seldom stiff after a hard game, as I used to be. And I am able to choose my opponents exactly as I please. I never care to play against very good players, but, like you, I may own to a weakness for distinguished company. Only a few weeks ago, I had a capital foursome with Messrs. Andrew Lang, Rider Haggard, and Harry Furniss. The play was mediocre—at least three-fourths of it was—but we had a very good time.

One evening last week I was sitting in my study, having quitted my family on the score of press of work. I was smoking and enjoying Balzac's "Le Député d'Arcis," but it is hardly a book to be read at a sitting, and I suddenly yearned for golf. I am an ardent Radical, but I do not believe in mixing politics with sport, and I thought I should like to play Mr. Balfour. I was not feeling in very good form, and wanted an easy game. Moreover, I thought that I should perhaps be rendering the Irish Secretary a service,

as he might stand in need of some practice. He did. I must say, without prejudice, that he did not play at all well; not half so well as I.

I went ahead from the first. For conscience sake, half-way through the game, I got into difficulties over the "switch-back," but I made up for this by doing the "cup" in two, and the "red-river" in much less. I found Mr. Balfour extremely pleasant, and I think that if he goes on practising he will not make a bad player.

If I had time, I could describe other interesting games of a similar nature, but I am very busy, having "Le Député" to finish.

I shall only be too pleased if my experience be of any benefit to you, and I venture to hope that you may have many a good game over your Maddox Street links.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1891

viii.

To R. P. F.

Es ist eine alte Geschicte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu.
Heine.

My Dear Sir,

I SOMETIMES wonder if you ever think of the olden golden days as you lie abed, kept awake perchance by the hoarse cry of the bush-ranger, or the melancholy note of the whip-poor-will or katy-did. (Natural history was never a strong point of mine, but a little local colour is a useful, if at times a dangerous thing).

What a deal there is to remember! Do you remember the old Surrey days at the "White Lion," and in the little cottage on the common? The hamper that almost went a-wandering, the "snob" around the wicket-gate while we waited for late arrivals who were busy after breakfast with their lace-up boots, etc.? The muddy walks with

The camera carried with care
And hockey en règle en route,

the march across Ranmore Common through the great Thirst Land, and the *Shere* descent to a pleasant country flowing with milk and shandy-

gaff? The mighty dinners in the evenings and the great joints that faded away like dreams?

The table enlarged by a leaf,
The silences over the soup,
The badinage born of the beef,
The gruyère belovéd of Troup.

Do you remember certain days at Oxford, when affectionate members of the C. L. C. came down to eat you out of house and home? and sundry water picnics to Nuneham, and pleasant evenings of blackberry jam and moonlight sonatas in the rooms of one who has already budded into a Vestryman, and who promises to blossom even more gloriously into a full-blown M. P. (poor fellow!)

Do you remember days upon the river at Cookham and elsewhere, when we ran short of cash, and were saved by your dear dirty ugly old Balliol blazer, and a cheque drawn out upon a sheet of notepaper? and the clever acting of one who shall be nameless, who succeeded in making you think that he was nervous on the water?

Do you remember the pleasant hours spent within the ivied walls in the familiar court at Cedar Lawn, when you tried to play tennis? And the "rags" that took place upon the lawn under the cedars? And the evenings in the billiard-room, when pool was neglected, and men were put around the table in pursuit of one another, including a Bishop in embryo, who chased a shadow for twelve minutes by the clock?

Where is your friend Ross, the immaculate, the

debonair, the whilom pride of Bond Street and Thanet Place? Like Sam Weller, his knowledge of London was extensive and peculiar, ranging as it did from the Criterion to the Pavilion. We ever regarded him as a great authority on cab-fares.

As to his personal appearance, I once heard him described as a sunbeam in trousers. And indeed I think that the description fits him: so did his trousers always.

And where is Sandy, who may be said to be as fine a work as yourself, although you have the advantage of being a first edition and a somewhat taller copy? In one way is he superior to you, in that he has forsaken the pathway of single bliss and taken unto himself a wife.

Dick, I send you greeting across the sea, and all God-speed. The last letter I received from you was dated from a place familiar to readers of Dante; but if ever from the bush you care to send me an epistle, I shall be glad and rejoice.

You and Alec and Ross are not the only members of the C. L. C. who are abroad. There is Arnold, the dandy, who has committed matrimony, and there is Ronald, with whom I would fain shake hands across the many miles that separate us, with a grasp meaning a great deal.

The old days under the cedars are over. The familiar court is closed, and the thrush has flown for ever. Dead leaves are strewn about the place where of old we played tennis and "snob" so often and so well. Strangers will walk beneath

the cedar trees, and run against time around the lawn.

We are young no longer; the summer is over, and we are growing grey and stiff. If this little book, containing the gleanings of old half-holidays, may serve to lead you and others of the C. L. C. through golden gates to memoryland, or help to teach our children how to make life pleasant, I shall feel that my time has not been wasted.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

E. G. HONEST, M.A.

1891.

"Over," We heard the umpire call
All thro' the long June day,
While underneath blue summer skies
We played or watched the play.

"Over," it is, for summer goes
And blue skies change to grey,
'Tis time to sit beside the fire
And only dream we play.

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